

To Morris the Monkey, a Scientific Script

Not to Smedley, who's phlegmatic,
or Rita, who's Rita--they'll be

controls. The little leaguers
<Cue *Take Me Out to the Ballgame*>

backed by this lab are
off to Puerto Rico, so, more

grant money requisite, Amigo.
<Cue *Pennies From Heaven*>

(All these nerd PhDs <cue *Goofus*>
with athletic kids!) You stole

the key to the ladies' room,
enlisted chimp Aristophanes
<Cue *Helter Skelter*>

and broke into the Kotex machine,
him eating the stock. Then, unholy
pair, you ripped out the tank

mechanism of the toilet, smashed
a window, ended chasing the shriek-
ing peacocks round the reflection pool.

(I'll not forget the full aural
chaos of that four AM phone call
from jabbering guard, Alfonso.)

<cue *I Go to Pieces*--discordant harmonica>

'll cost us to remedy these mischiefs,
little Morris. But, not the reason

you're getting the cancer. Oh well...
that's science, fresh buddy!

Someday we may even learn
what you think of us.

. <cue *laughter*>